

**1½d.****Daily Mirror**YOUR  
MINIATURE  
FOR  
NOTHING.  
(See page 6.)

No. 322.

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1904.

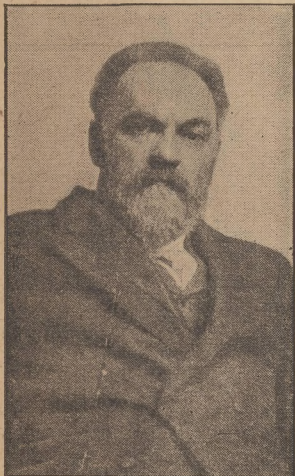
One Halfpenny.

**HORSHAM LOAVES.**

How the free-traders vainly tried to frighten the voters at Horsham.

**BISHOP OF WINCHESTER KICKS OFF AT A FOOTBALL GAME.**

Dr. Ryle started the game between Farnham and Haslemere, an event in the Surrey Junior Cup, at Farnham on Saturday. The first photograph shows the Bishop leaving his seat to kick. The second shows the actual kick.

**MR. VAL PRINSEP, R.A.**

The distinguished artist has just died in his 60th year after an operation for internal trouble.—(Elliott and Fry.)

**L.C.C. "SKYSCRAPER" TRAMCARS.**

The new weather-proof vehicles for the Peckham and Greenwich lines, two of which are in service. Manchester has had cars like these for a year.

**MRS. LANGTRY AS "MR. JERSEY."**

The beautiful actress, who races as "Mr. Jersey," snapshot while seeing one of her horses win at Liverpool.



## BIRTHS.

FRANCK.—On the 10th inst., at Bourton, The Woodlands, Bicester, the wife of J. Ernest Franck, of a daughter.  
 HEALD.—On the 9th inst., at 28, Shen-park, Richmond, the wife of Egerton Heald, of a son.  
 PITBLADO.—On the 11th inst., at 24, Rosebery-gardens, Muswell Hill, N.W., the wife of Laurence Pitblado, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

COLOMB-MORDAUNT.—On the 10th inst., at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, by the Rev. Robert Mordaunt, assisted by the Rev. Lewis Bradford, the Rev. Alan Fortman, and the Rev. G. G. Wilkinson, Rupert John C. R. Colomb, K.C.M.G., M.P., of Droghda, Kenmare Co., Kerry, to May, eldest daughter of John Mordaunt, Esq., of 68, Eccleston-square, S.W.  
 MEAD-COWIE.—On the 10th inst., at St. Jude's, South Kensington, by the Rev. Prebendary Eardley-Wilmot, vicar, Percy James Mead, Indian Civil Service, son of the late Lieut.-Col. C. J. Mead, Indian Staff Corps (late Bengal Artillery), to Frances Alexandra, second daughter of George Cowie, of 11, Courtfield-road, Kensington, S.W.

## DEATHS.

JOLLY.—On the 11th inst., at "Hillside," Langley-mark-road, Sutton, Frank Jolly, of 66, Lendehall-street, E.C., aged fifty, youngest son of the late Richard Jolly, of Wapping.  
 MYRING.—On the 10th inst., at The Morrells, Everfield-road, Richmond, Surrey, Elizabeth, the dearly-loved wife of Jacob Myring, aged fifty-seven.

**HOT WATER INSTANTLY** night or day.  
**HOT BATH** in 5 minutes whenever wanted.  
**EWAKY'S "LIGHTNING" GREYS.**  
 Hot Water to any tap in house, without Kitchen Fire. INSPECT working exhibit LIST "B" post free.  
 346, EUSTON-ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

## PERSONAL.

J. B.—Will catch usual train. Please meet me on platform. Important.—ELLA.  
 YOU misunderstand. Friendly meeting only. Letter waiting you contains full explanation.—THEBES.  
 ALBA.—Do not neglect to call at Fulham to-morrow morning or afternoon. I shall be in after nine.—R. [M.]

\*. The above advertisements are received up to 6 p.m., and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 4d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., London.

## THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS.

DALY'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the new Musical Play, entitled THE CINGALESE. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, punctually, Shakespeare's Comedy, THE TEMPEST. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.

IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15. The Romantic Play entitled HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT. SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office 10 to 10. Telephone 3193 Gerrard.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER will appear EVERY EVENING at 9 in a Romance adapted from the story of Justus Miles Forman, by Sydney Grundy. THE GARDEN OF LIES. (Last 5 performances.) At 8.15, THE DOCTOR NIEL, by Joshua Bates. LAST MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 2.30.

On SATURDAY EVENING NEXT, Nov. 19, will be revived LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. By Oscar Wilde. Box office open 10 to 10. ST. JAMES'S.

Mr. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES. KENNINGTON THEATRE, Tel. 1006 Hop.—NIGHTLY at 7.45, MAT. THURSDAY, 2.30. Mr. E. WILLARD in THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY and THE MIDDLEMAN.

CORONET THEATRE, Tel. 1273 Kens.—NIGHTLY at 8. MAT. SAT. 2.30. Mr. Tree's Co. in the Great Japanese play, THE DARLING OF THE GODS.

CAMDEN THEATRE, Tel. 328 K.C.—NIGHTLY at 8. MAT. SAT. 2.30. Mrs. LANGTRY and her London Co. in MRS. DEERING'S DIVORCE.

CROWN THEATRE, Peckham, Tel. 412 Hop.—NIGHTLY at 7.45. MAT. WED. 2.15. Mrs. LEWIS WALLER and London Co. in her latest production, VILMA.

THE OXFORD.—GEORGE ROBEY, HARRY RANDALL, HARRY LAUDER, HARRY TATE, The McNaughtons, Ernest Shand, Dan Crawley, Eugene Family, The Polanski, and hosts of other stars. Open 7.30. Box Office open 11 to 6. SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30.—Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

## AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY. IN THEATRE at 4.30 and 7.30. THE SILVER KING. Military Band, Roller Skating, Canadian Fruit Exhibit. Holiday Court, and numerous other attractions. Table d'hôte luncheons and dinners in the New Dining Rooms overlooking the grounds. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

"HENGELERS."—THE FINEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD. Unique! Over 200 Acting and Performing Artists, including THE ACTING BEAR, MADAME BATAVIA. ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, Argyl-street, W. Daily, 3 and 8. Admission 1s. to 6s.; children half-price. Honoured by Royal Command to Buckingham Palace.

POLYTECHNIC, REGENT-ST. W. OUR NAVY. DAILY, at 3. World's Grand Naval and Military Animatograph Entertainment. The training of our future fleet at work and at play, etc. The most realistic representation of a Naval Battle. The North Sea Fishing Fleet—before and after the Tragedy. Prices 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s., 8s., 9s., 10s., 11s., 12s., 13s., 14s., 15s., 16s., 17s., 18s., 19s., 20s., 21s., 22s., 23s., 24s., 25s., 26s., 27s., 28s., 29s., 30s., 31s., 32s., 33s., 34s., 35s., 36s., 37s., 38s., 39s., 40s., 41s., 42s., 43s., 44s., 45s., 46s., 47s., 48s., 49s., 50s., 51s., 52s., 53s., 54s., 55s., 56s., 57s., 58s., 59s., 60s., 61s., 62s., 63s., 64s., 65s., 66s., 67s., 68s., 69s., 70s., 71s., 72s., 73s., 74s., 75s., 76s., 77s., 78s., 79s., 80s., 81s., 82s., 83s., 84s., 85s., 86s., 87s., 88s., 89s., 90s., 91s., 92s., 93s., 94s., 95s., 96s., 97s., 98s., 99s., 100s.

THE CHARGING CROSS BANK. Est. 1870. 119 and 120, Bishopsgate-street, Within, E.C. London, and 28, Bedford-street, W.C. London. Assets, £597,793. Liabilities, £280,680. Surplus, £317,113. 21 per cent. allowed on current account balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received as under. Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann. 12 p.c. per ann. on deposits of £100 or upwards. Special terms for long periods. Interest paid quarterly. The Fidelity Deposit Bonds pay nearly 9 p.c. per cent. and are a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus. A. WILLIAMS and J. TALL, Joint Managers.

By Appointment to



H.M. the Queen.

**SWAN & EDGAR**  
 REGENT ST. & PICCADILLY

REMEMBER! SALE STARTS TO-DAY.

## 2 OF THE Great Bargains

## FROM OUR SALE CATALOGUE

During  
Sale  
Only  
21/-

During  
Sale  
Only

See page 2,  
Saturday's 'Daily  
Mirror.'

Send for Copy at  
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FREE.

Hundreds of  
Bargains.

USEFUL

COAT  
AND  
SKIRT.

Pleated, in Black,  
Navy, and all colours,  
Plain Hopsacs. Vel-  
vet Collar. Coat  
lined Silk. Usual  
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Sale Price - 31/6.

GREAT ..  
BARGAINS  
are now  
being offered  
in every  
Department.

31/6.

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3 Guineas.

## The "PRESTO."

## Very Useful Three-Quarter Coat.

Lined Squirrel Lock Fur, in Black, Navy,  
and all colour Cloths or Tweeds, Double  
Breasted, 38 in. long. Usual price 25/9.

During Sale Only, Price 21/-.

## MARKETING BY POST.

APPLES (keeping): 40lb. 5s.; named sorts 6s.; cookers 5s.; good—Hewlett, Bishops Cleeve, Hereford.  
 ASTHMA CURED by Zema-tones—Write for free trial box to Cornford, 4, Lloyd-st., London.  
 CHOICE Table Poultry and genuine Fresh Butter.—Send P.O. 5s. for sample basket, carriage paid, containing pair young Pouter ready trussed and 1lb. pure fresh Butter, or 2lb. Cambridge Butter, J. Ringer, Havett, Outwell, Wisbech, London Depot, 401, Central Markets, E.C.  
 FISH: FISH.—Perfect quality, finest value, order direct: F 6lb. 2s. 9lb. 2s. 6d. 11lb. 3s. 14lb. 3s. 6d. 21lb. 5s. carriage paid; cleaned for cooking; prompt delivery; particulars post free; selected cured fish all kinds; principles of schools and institutions should especially note.—Address Star Fish Co., Grimsby. (Quote paper).  
 FISH (fresh and cured).—Direct from the fishing boats to the consumer.—6lb. 2s. 9lb. 2s. 6d. 11lb. 3s. 14lb. 3s. 6d. 21lb. 5s.; carriage paid; cleaned for cooking; splendid assortment and value cured fish, etc.; public institutions and schools supplied.—Full particulars and price list free, Standard Fish Company, Grimsby.

## MARKETING BY POST.

LADY Gardner sends boxes of white Gurnsey Chrysanthemums from 1s. 6d. free—Rigby, Yacht, Gurnsey.  
 LIVE Fish.—Bases of Live Fish sent at 6lb. 2s. 9lb. 2s. 6d. 11lb. 3s. 14lb. 3s. 6d.; carriage paid; cleaned ready for cooking, on receipt of P.O. to the Anne Fish Co., Grimsby Docks. (Quote paper).  
 LIVE FISH.—Bases of mixed live fish, from 2s. 6d. upwards, sent direct to your door, carriage paid; all kinds of cured fish; quality guaranteed.—List on application to Manager, Eastern Counties Fish Supply Co., Fish Docks, Grimsby. Hundreds of testimonials as to quality.  
 LOVELY Bridal Bouquets, 15s. 6d.; Wreaths, 7s. 6d.; Grosvenor Floral Depot, 39, Chapel-st., Belgrave. (Queen's Court Bouquet Makers).  
 ONLY JONES.—2 large fresh Pheasants, 5s.; 3 ditto, 6s. 6d.—421, Central Market.  
 PERTH Whisky de Luxe.—Two bottles "Grouse" Liqueur Whisky by post 7s. 6d.—Matthew Glasgow, Perth, N.B. Established 1800.

## MARKETING BY POST.

POTATOES: fine sample; no disease; splendid floury cookers; 5s. 6d. 112lb. 5s. 6d.; carriage—Hewlett, Bishops Cleeve, Hereford.  
 POTATOES (sound, white, floury), 112lb. 5s.; Apples (cooking or eating), 42lb. 4s. 6d. 5s. 6d. 6s. 6d.; carriage paid.—Curle, Chatteris, Cambridgeshire.  
 SAVE Half your Butcher's Bills, and buy direct from the S. Farmers.—Best English meat; mutton, joints, saddles, and shoulders, per lb. 7d.; beef, 5d.; beef, silverside, 7d.; top side, 8d.; sirloin and ribs, 9d.; rump steak, 1s.; mutton, 6d.; gravy beef, 6d.; brisket, 8d.; veal and pork, prime joints, 8d.; orders of 5s. free delivered; hamper free; cash on delivery.—The Direct Supply Stores, Ltd., 5, Holborn-circus, London.  
 YARMOUTH BLOATERS.—Delicious flavour; selected, 2s. 1s. 6d.; 50 2s. 6d.—Knights Brothers, Yarmouth.

Other Small Advertisements on pages 15 and 16.



## MEDIATION

## DISAVOWED.

Neither Japan Nor Russia  
Will Accept It.

## WAR OF EXTINCTION.

Russia Arranges for a Loan of  
52 Millions.

No fresh news has come to hand regarding the situation at Port Arthur, although the announcement that the town and its defences are wholly in the possession of the Japanese forces is believed to be imminent.

No fear whatever is entertained as to the possibility of a general massacre of Russians during the remaining hours of the siege, it being pointed out that the world need have no apprehension that the Japanese troops would behave like barbarians.

On the question of mediation, it is stated in well-informed Japanese circles in London that it is far too early in the day to consider what action might or might not be taken in this respect.

## NO MEDIATION.

Russia Will Hold Out Till Japan Quits  
Asia.

PARIS, Sunday.—The "Echo de Paris" states that fighting on the Sha-ho still continues, and the Russians are daily receiving reinforcements to enable them to continue the conflict.

This, together with the noble defence of Port Arthur, shows, says the journal, that Russia is ready to make any sacrifice rather than yield in the least degree to Japan, and in addition will refuse all offers of mediation.

The "Novoye Vremya," of St. Petersburg, takes a similar view of the situation, and declares that Russia will hold out till the Japanese army has been wiped out of existence and the Japanese have quitted the Continent, fighting if necessary till she has every man of her vast army at the seat of war.

All rumours that mediation will take place may, adds the "Novoye Vremya," be emphatically denied, for Russia will never permit the intervention of any foreign Power in the present quarrel.—Exchange.

## JAPAN WANTS PEACE.

But, as Conqueror, Will Never Ask  
for It.

PARIS, Saturday.—A representative of the "Humanité" has had an interview with M. Motono, the Japanese Minister, who was asked how Japan would regard an offer of mediation.

The Minister declared that Japan ardently desired peace, but it was not for her, the conqueror, to ask for it.—Reuter.

## SERIOUS RIOTING IN WARSAW.

WARSAW, Sunday.—Disturbances broke out here to-day, to suppress which the troops had to be called out.

Ten persons, including two policemen, are reported to have been killed, while thirty-one were injured.—Reuter.

## BOMB OUTRAGE AT KHARKOFF.

KHARKOFF, Sunday.—A bomb was exploded at the foot of the memorial to the poet Pushkin, to-day. The monument was damaged and the windows of some neighbouring houses were shattered.—Reuter.

## RUSSIA BORROWS £52,000,000.

PARIS, Sunday.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Echo de Paris" learns that a loan of £52,000,000 has been placed with German and Dutch banks. Of this sum £45,000,000 has been supplied from Berlin, and the remainder from Amsterdam. The main portion of the money will remain in Germany as a guarantee for the large orders for warships placed in that country. The loan was concluded without consulting the Minister of Finance, who was not informed until it had been arranged.—Exchange.

## DOUBLING SIBERIAN RAILWAY LINE.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.—The decision of the special commission to construct a second line on the Siberian Railway, and to devote 10,000,000 roubles towards the preliminary work has been sanctioned by the Emperor.—Exchange.

Light breezes, chiefly south-easterly; fair  
but foggy in many places; mild.

To-Day's Weather

(Lighting-up time, 5.10 p.m. Sea passages  
moderate in west; smooth elsewhere.

## RUSSIA DELAYS SIGNING.

Reported Hitch in the Baltic  
Outrage Inquiry.

PARIS, Sunday.—A St. Petersburg telegram to the "Echo de Paris" states that the Anglo-Russian convention regarding the unfortunate occurrence in the North Sea has not yet been signed. Russia has signified her willingness to accept the terms of the convention with certain modifications, but it is feared in some quarters that these modifications may tend to alter the spirit of the agreement.

The whole of the Admiralty officials are much averse to the terms of the convention. It is pointed out in some quarters that it will be impossible to punish the officers who have been left behind by the Baltic Fleet, because an unfortunate mistake has occurred, and it is further said that Russia never agreed to punish them, whether they were responsible for the incident or not.—Exchange.

## WELL-TIMED.

Baltic Fleet to Arrive on First of  
April.

General Alexieff, Quartermaster of the 3rd Manchurian army, states that the Baltic Fleet is expected to arrive at Vladivostok about December 28. The naval critic of the "Russkiy Viedomosti" does not expect the fleet to reach its destination till April 1 of next year.

## DANGERS OF THE CANAL.

Among naval men in St. Petersburg fears are freely expressed regarding the dangers to which the Baltic Fleet will be exposed in its passage through the Suez Canal.

Suggestions are thrown out by the Press to the effect that the Japanese will either try to close the Canal by sinking a large vessel in it, or will attempt to attack the Russian vessels, one by one, as they leave the waterway, with torpedo-boats.

Our own correspondent at Port Said states, however, that Egyptian launches will escort the Russian warships through the canal, while coastguards will patrol the banks.

## MORE BALTIC SHIPS ON THE WAY.

The Russian cruiser Oleg, one first-class cruiser, several smaller ones, a number of torpedo-boats, and six transports will make the passage from the Baltic through Danish waters to-morrow.

## DAY OF DUELS.

Harmless Amusements of Well-known  
Frenchmen.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Sunday Night.—No fewer than three duels were held in the environs of Paris yesterday.

The first was the postponed encounter between M. Gabriel Syveton, the deputy who slapped General Andre's face, and Captain de Gail, who wrote him an insulting letter.

The combat took place at St. Germain. Pistols were the weapons, and when each of the principals had fired shots which did not harm either of them honour was declared to have been satisfied.

Duel number two took place in the Vincennes Wood, and the adversaries were Lieutenant André, son of the Minister of War, and Comte de La Rochefoucauld, who had provoked the encounter by a letter to General André's son, in which he reproached him with lack of spirit.

Neither of the swordsmen seemed to be very expert, but in the third bout the Comte pinked the lieutenant in the right hand, and the doctors declared the combat must cease.

The third duel took place at the Parc des Dunes, between M. André de Fougères and M. Dumet, each of whom fired at the other and missed.

## HOME RULE FOR THE TRANSVAAL.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

JOHANNESBURG, Sunday.—I am in a position to say definitely that details of the scheme of representative government for the Transvaal have been agreed to here, and that Lord Milner's dispatch on the subject has gone to England.

The promoters of the movement are gentlemen identified with the anti-Chinese agitation.

## ANGLO-FRENCH TREATY RATIFIED.

As the result of a debate on Saturday in the French Chamber, the treaty between France and the country was ratified by 443 votes to 105.

Discussion turned mainly upon the convention concerning Newfoundland, the rejection of which, said M. Delcassé, would be a very serious blow to the agreement as a whole.

## THE KAISER'S "GHOSTS."

Are These the Men Who Do the  
Work?

"He has talents, undoubtedly, but they are created only in giving work to others; the product passing for his own in the end. As Herren von Moltke and Philip Eulenberg are the real authors of 'his' 'Song to Ægir,' so Professor Knackfuss, in Cassel, composes his cartoons, though being credited only with their technical execution."

"The late Court Chaplain Frommel used to write the Imperial sermons delivered with so much éclat on the deck of the yacht Hohenzollern; officers of the military household prepare William's lectures, and the artist Karl Seltmann paints his landscapes and marine views."

This remarkable passage from a book published to-day by Mr. William Heinemann will cause a good deal of unkind gossip in the capital of the Kaiser.

Written by a lady-in-waiting, "The Private Lives of William II. and his Consort," professes to give the inner history of the German Court up to the present day.

Some of the stories are very quaint. In one we are told how the Empress lights her bedroom fire by the Kaiser's objects to women-servants. Here is a dialogue between the Empress and an old letter-carrier outside the Castle of Hubertstock.

Her Majesty, imitating the vulgar mode:—

"Have you letters for Majesty?"

"That way a fool may get caught, my girl," bristled up the veteran, "not a man like me, and besides, the black gloves of yours might dirty the beautiful Kaiser's letters."

"Oh, my husband won't mind that; give me the letters."

"Your husband? Have a care, you dressed-up wench—for you don't look smart enough for a Kochin" (cook)—"lest I report you for insult to Majesty."

At which point the lady-in-waiting interfered and the old man got a mark to drown his terror in Schnapps.

## LEAPING FOR LIFE.

Scenes of Terror in a Paris  
Holocaust.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Sunday.—One of the most distressing fires that have taken place in France for years has occurred in the Ripolin Factory on the Quay d'Issy les Moutineaux. Four people lost their lives and some thirty are in hospital. It is feared the death-roll will be increased.

The fire commenced in the afternoon with a loud explosion, believed to have been caused by a short circuit setting alight to some inflammable vapours given off from a retort.

Instantly the building was in flames. When the workers became aware of their danger there ensued the most piteous scenes. Most of the large windows of the lower stories had been provided with iron bars to render the place burglar-proof.

The workmen broke instantly, and the spaces between the bars were filled with the faces of desperate victims, shrieking for help.

Some escaped by the doors with their clothes burning, and rushed down to the Seine. In their agonies the sufferers plunged in the river, and were rescued in a half-dead condition.

## MURDER IN A WOOD.

Boy Assassin's "Uncontrollable Impulse to Kill."

THE HAGUE, Sunday.—The murderer of Mrs. Kruseman Pot, the widow of a sea captain, who was stabbed to death last Wednesday afternoon in the woods between Scheveningen and The Hague, was arrested not far from the scene of the crime yesterday afternoon.

The youth, who is about seventeen years of age, belongs to a highly respectable family living in The Hague. On the evening of the crime he dined with the rest of the family and appeared perfectly calm.

Later in the evening his mother, reading a description of the assassin in the newspapers, remarked to him, "It is fortunate you were not in the woods."

"Indeed it is," the son replied without the slightest emotion.

He has since made a full confession, in which he says he was seized with an uncontrollable impulse to kill the woman, who asked him her way.

It was stated officially in Berlin yesterday that the Cunard Company had arrived at an agreement with the Continental lines and the stercage rate war was at an end.

At Azusa, Wyoming, a goods train and a passenger train collided, thirteen persons being killed and twenty-five injured. The telegraph operator, who was responsible for the accident, upon hearing of it committed suicide.

## OUR ROYAL VISITORS.

Programme of the Week's Festivities.

## PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra leave Sandringham to-day for London, whence they will proceed in the evening to Windsor, to receive the King and Queen of Portugal, who are to arrive to-morrow.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will reach Liverpool-street Station this morning, and the former will at once leave for Portsmouth to greet King Carlos and Queen Amelia upon their arrival on board the Victoria and Albert. The royal yacht, escorted by four cruisers and two destroyers, reached Cherbourg yesterday, anchoring during the afternoon in the Roadstead.

The royal yacht will sail from Cherbourg about 6.30 a.m. to-morrow, arriving at Portsmouth about 11.15 a.m.

A special train will be at once dispatched to Windsor.

## PROGRAMME.

TUESDAY.—Arrive at Windsor at 3.20 p.m. Received at the railway station by their Majesties the King and Queen. Procession to the Castle.

WEDNESDAY.—King of Portugal, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, will shoot in Windsor Forest. State banquet in the evening in St. George's Hall.

THURSDAY.—State visit to the City of London. Reception and luncheon at the Guildhall at 2 p.m. The route to and from Paddington to the Guildhall will be lined by troops.

THURSDAY EVENING.—Performance by Mr. Tree's theatrical company in the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor.

FRIDAY.—His Majesty the King, with the King of Portugal and the Prince of Wales, will shoot in Windsor Forest.

SATURDAY EVENING.—Theatrical performance by Mr. Lewis Waller's company.

MONDAY.—The King and Queen of Portugal will leave Windsor.

After the conclusion of the Windsor visit, the King and Queen of Portugal will visit three country seats, those of the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Portland, and the Duc d'Orléans.

## ARBITRATION TREATY WITH PORTUGAL.

LISBON, Sunday.—The newspapers state that the last Cabinet before leaving office had already concluded negotiations with Great Britain for an arbitration treaty with a renewal in all their terms and conditions of the treaties of alliance between the two countries. This arbitration treaty will, it is added, be signed on the occasion of the visit of King Carlos to London.—Reuter.

## TROUBLE IN DAMARALAND.

Sons of a British Subject Shot Under  
German Martial Law.

Two illegitimate sons of a British subject, named Freyer, living in German South-West Africa, have been shot under martial law for having treasonable relations with the rebel leader Morenga.

Mr. Freyer, according to Reuter, will be tried for treason by the Court of Law at Keelamshoop.

It is further stated by a Cologne newspaper that the authorities of Cape Colony have disarmed a German patrol which crossed the boundary in pursuit of Hottentots.

One hundred and thirty Boers yesterday took train at Johannesburg for Cape Town. It is reported that they will thence proceed to Damaraland to assist the Germans.

## DUKE IN FIGHTING FORM.

The Duke of Devonshire was in his best fighting form at the Lancashire town of Rawtenstall, on Saturday night.

The town is the centre of the constituency formerly represented by his Grace.

The Duke referred in scathing terms to the differences protection had caused in the Unionist Party.

"Peace has not been openly broken," he declared, "but I think signs are not wanting that all is not well in the protection camp."

"When Parliament meets, if not sooner, it is possible we may see the harmony of what once seemed a happy family somewhat rudely disturbed."

## MR. BALFOUR'S WORD DOUBTED.

"It was agreed on all sides that they would not trust the word of their Prime Minister, who was employing every possible shift to keep his party in power," said Lady Aberdeen, at a meeting of the Women's Liberal Association of St. Andrews and Cupar.

Six persons were stabbed during a drunken quarrel in a house in Liverpool last night and taken to the hospital.



## EPIDEMIC OF FIRES.

Disastrous Week-end in Town and Country.

### MANSION BURNED DOWN.

Pathetic Incidents in a Tragic London Drama.

Fire has reduced to ruins Hengar House, the stately Cornish mansion of Sir William Onslow, Bart., situated about eight miles from Bodmin.

The outbreak happened in the early hours of Saturday morning while the household slept, and the firemen, on their arrival from a distance, found the house and its valuable contents already demolished.

So rapid was the spread of the flames that members of the household escaped in their nightdresses. It is thought the fire originated in an old chimney connected with a grate in the entrance hall.

A singular circumstance is that Sir William Onslow awoke at midnight thinking he smelt fumes, but being unable to trace them he retired to bed.

Five hours later he found his room full of smoke and the house hopelessly alight.

He promptly rescued the inmates, all of whom made their exits unhurt.

Much valuable furniture and many oil paintings were destroyed. The most regrettable artistic loss was that of a costly Vandeyck.

Fortunately a glass case in the hall was saved, which contained the most cherished family heirlooms.

These included a sword of honour, presented with the Freedom of the City to Admiral Sir Richard Onslow by the City of London; two silver gilt snuff-boxes, presented by the cities of Dublin and Hull; and a gold medal of victory given to Admiral Onslow by George III.

### Faddington Victim.

A disastrous fire broke out in a shirt and collar-dressing shop at 89, Praed-street yesterday morning, resulting in the death of an old lady of 70, named Mrs. Emma Bates, who occupied the top floor.

In an account of the sad affair, Mr. Akers, who lived on the first floor, said: "My wife and I were in the front room. She was in bed. I, half undressed, was looking for the cat. I picked up a lamp and held it while I looked under the table. Then I went into the back room.

"Returning I found the table in flames—the lamp must have set fire to the fringed tablecloth.

"I seized my wife and carried her downstairs and out of the house, at the same time shouting to Mrs. Bates to come out. I thought the poor woman had done so."

A pathetic scene was witnessed when one of Mrs. Bates's sons, who lives near by, was called up to identify his mother's dead body.

### Fire After a Ball.

Half an hour after a ball had closed at St. James's Hall, King's Lynn, on Saturday morning, the floor on which fifty couples had danced took fire, and the hall was totally destroyed. When the firemen came there was nothing left to save. The hall, which contained a memorial tablet to the late Duke of Clarence, whose last public act was to open an industrial exhibition there, was the property of Mr. George M. Bridges, one of the largest bazaar fitters in the country, and his studios and all his stock stored were ruined.

### HIDEOUS MODERN MUSIC.

Some Compositions Compared to Cannibal Island Melody.

"Realism in Music" was the subject of a speech delivered by Mr. J. C. Ames at a meeting of the Incorporated Society of Musicians on Saturday night.

The speaker defined music as the expression of the feelings or the emotions by means of rhythm, melody, and harmony.

He claimed that sorrow and joy were the only two feelings that could be really recognised in music.

If asked to determine the origin of some compositions he would be compelled to say the Cannibal Islands, for they were so horrible that he would conclude that they were representations of the feelings of an islander who, having eaten his mother-in-law, found that she disagreed with him.

### BISHOP KICKS OFF AT FOOTBALL.

The Lord Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Ryle, showed his interest in sport on Saturday afternoon by taking part in the preliminaries of a football match played between two Surrey teams—Farnham and Haslemere.

A great crowd assembled to witness the novelty of a bishop in gaiters and apron putting the ball into play.

One of the players, a clergyman belonging to the Haslemere team, received a nasty kick in the eye.

## WOMAN-HATER MARRIED.

"Marriage Handicap" Oynic a Happy Bridegroom.

Mr. Cloudesley Brereton, with his bride on his arm, walked down the aisle of St. Paul's Church, Cambridge, on Saturday, in beaming forgetfulness of his bitter letter on the penalties of marriage two months ago.

In that letter he said: "The women, in fact, have put up the price of the marriage scrip so high that men to-day cannot or will not bid.

"If he (the husband) has an intellect he must leave it with his hat in the hall."

The lady who made Mr. Brereton alter these opinions was Mrs. Horobin, the widow of Principal Horobin, of Homerton. A crowd of Cambridge people went to see the pair married. The misogynist showed neither shyness nor repentance. He is a handsome man of forty, and his face was aglow with pride and pleasure as he led his bride down the church.

The memory of that letter was apparently far behind him. Mrs. Brereton, in her blue "going-away" dress, was a picture, and fully justified the sudden change in the views of the "Marriage Handicap" philosopher.

Mr. Brereton, flushed and smiling, escorted his bride through the crowd outside the church; they entered the carriage in waiting and drove at once to the station. They have gone to Haverhill for the honeymoon.

### TOO MANY NOVELISTS.

And Too Many People Read Novels, Says Mr. Anthony Hope.

Addressing a large gathering at the Working Men's College on Saturday evening, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins (Anthony Hope), taking as his subject "Modern Myths," frankly admitted there were far too many novelists nowadays, and, worse than that, the public read novels far too much.

The novelist, said the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," was an inventor of stories, and not an expounder of views.

The modern novel was the vehicle to convey the author's view of the world, to answer a question or solve a problem with which he had charged himself. He was writing a myth, stating a problem, or expounding a belief.

His characters held their being only on condition of helping him with this. The book became less and less a story, more and more a myth, and the theorising which dominated the writer was also dominating the attention of the reader.

With the old story the great question was, "What happened?" In the new style it was not the question, but, "Why did it happen?" or "Ought it to have happened?"

### PAINTING IN TWILIGHT.

R.A. to Investigate a System Said To Be Rembrandt's.

Mr. Keyworth Raine, the artist who startled society last season by painting portraits of its members in a darkened cellar, is to be submitted to a severe test this week.

Working in a dark room, with only one brush and no palette, he is to paint a portrait of Mr. Edwin DREW. Four sittings of one hour each will be required, and the artist undertakes to turn out a finished portrait that will look as though it had been painted 200 years ago.

Mr. Raine's secret is a specially constructed window, which modifies the lighting of the room to the required gloom. The artist claims to have discovered a secret possessed by Rembrandt and Velasquez, but lost for centuries.

The discovery is the result of six years' patient investigation and scientific search. It is announced that the test will be supervised by a committee of R.A.s.

### SHAKESPEARE'S BIBLE.

Signature Which May Be Worth £20,000, If Genuine.

An interesting Shakespearean relic will be offered for sale to-day at Messrs. Sotheby's auction-rooms in London.

It is a Bible bearing the signature, "William Shakespeare, 1614," on the reverse of the title, and on the end cover, "Willm. Shakspeare, off S.O.A., his Bible, 1613." The letters "S.O.A." stand for Stratford-on-Avon. Much speculation is rife amongst bibliographers as to the genuineness of the Bible. The book was discovered near Manchester about fifty years ago. Besides the signature of Shakespeare on the last cover there is the inscription, "John Fox, off Warwick, was the owner of this Bible, A.D. 1633."

For the purpose of introducing them to Mr. John Morley Mr. Roosevelt has entertained to dinner a number of prominent American labour union leaders.

## OUR YOUNGEST M.P.

Premier to Introduce Horsham's Choice to the House.

Delighted; will introduce you to the House.

Such was the Prime Minister's proud greeting to the youthful Lord Tournour, the new M.P. for Horsham, who was returned on Saturday by a substantial majority. Being in his twenty-second year, Lord Tournour is the youngest M.P.

The figures at his election were:—

Lord Tournour (C) .....	4,888
Mr. L. R. Erskine (R) .....	3,604
Majority .....	784

This majority is slightly over half that by which the late Mr. Heywood Johnstone was returned eleven years ago. His majority was 1,484.

On the declaration of the poll Lord Tournour was seized by friends and carried shoulder high to his committee-rooms, where he made a little speech and was interviewed for the *Daily Mirror*.

"It is a splendid victory," said Lord Tournour. "I never expected such a large majority. It shows that Unionism in Sussex is far from dead.

"The food question has been worked for all it is worth, and Chinese labour has been brought forward by our opponents. I think these subjects have made very little impression on the electors.

"The Liberals never had a better chance to win the seat than at present. They had as good a candidate as ever they had, while I was young and inexperienced."

Later in the afternoon Lord Tournour visited Crawley, and kicked off at a football match, Crawley v. Horsham.

### USES OF WIRELESS WIRES.

Funeral at Sea Rendered Unnecessary by Maroonigrams.

The usefulness of the Marconi system on the Atlantic liner was made apparent on the last voyage of the Philadelphia, which arrived at Southampton on Saturday.

Mr. James Kirkpatrick, a wealthy landowner at Belfast, known popularly as the "Laird," died on Monday morning after the ship left New York.

Captain Mills sent a wireless message to Mr. Marconi, who was on board of the Campania, a few miles astern, and he transmitted the message to New York.

The relatives in Ireland were notified by cable, and were in waiting at Southampton to receive the body on Saturday.

According to British law the body of any person who dies at sea cannot be landed and interred without an inquest. Thanks to the wireless messages, no time was lost, for arrangements had been made to hold an inquest at the South-Western Hotel, Southampton, at 8.30 on Saturday evening.

### FOR OVER-SEAS FRIENDS.

Christmas and New Year's Presents for Many Far Distant Homes.

The enormous demand that every post still brings makes it certain that the Over-Seas Edition of the "Daily Mail" will prove a welcome Christmas or New Year's present in many a far distant home.

One essential fact that has made the Over-Seas Edition of the "Daily Mail" an assured success is that for 6s. subscribers can have a copy of the journal sent each week for one year to a distant friend, postage paid.

As has been announced, the new journal will make its appearance on Friday, November 25, so that the first number may reach very distant places by Christmas or New Year's Day.

It will be in every respect a "Daily Mail" in miniature. There will be sixteen pages, and nearly one hundred columns of matter. It will contain all the principal home and foreign news, leading articles, and essays that have appeared in the "Daily Mail" during the previous six days, together with a Review of the Week's Events by a well-known writer.

Subscriptions should be addressed "Over-Seas Daily Mail," and should be sent by postal order, telegraph money order, and crossed cheque to the Subscription Department, "Daily Mail," London.

### PROPHET AND PLAYWRIGHT.

The Rev. H. R. Gamble, rector of Holy Trinity, Sloane-street, yesterday compared Mr. Alfred Sutro, the author of "The Walls of Jericho," to the prophet Amos.

Amos (said Mr. Gamble, preaching to a fashionable congregation) was startled by the senseless luxury and self-indulgence of the town life of Samaria. The powerful play now running at the Garrick Theatre, like a denunciation of Amos applied to the "smart set" of to-day.

Against this set, probably a not very large one, two grave charges were brought: (1) moral laxity; (2) an insatiable appetite for pleasure. These might be exaggerated, but there were undoubtedly a great many people nowadays who needed a reminder that to "have a good time" was not the sole end of life.

## DEATH'S HARVEST.

Shamrock Designer and Noted R.A. Pass Away.

### STORIES OF MR. VAL PRINSEP.

Death has been busy during the week-end. Two men, both famous in their widely different spheres, have passed away from the scene of their triumphs. On Saturday came the news of the death of Mr. Val Prinsep, artist and raconteur, and of Mr. G. L. Watson, known on every sea as the designer of many a swift challenger for the America Cup.

They were both notable men. Hard work and the strenuous life were the secrets of their success. They did not win to the front easily.

Mr. Watson mounted the ladder step by step. The son of a doctor, he was apprenticed to Messrs. Napier and Sons, shipbuilders. When he came of age he started in business for himself, and in twelve months' time scored his first success as a racing-yacht designer.

The next ten years were full of achievement, marked by the building of the all-conquering Vandalua and the commencement of those struggles to regain the America Cup which won him worldwide fame.

### The Famous Britannia.

His first challenger, the *Thistle*, was followed by the two *Valkyries*, and afterwards by the first two *Shamrocks*.

Unquestionably his greatest triumph was the *Britannia*. She was built for the King, who, as Prince of Wales, held in her the finest racing yacht that ever sailed. *Britannia* was unbeaten for two seasons.

Mr. Watson was only fifty-three years of age.

Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., was older by thirteen years when death came as the result of an operation. A man of wide culture, he had written a novel and two plays in addition to his numerous paintings.

In appearance he was tall and powerful, being over 6ft. Destined originally for the Indian Civil Service, it was long before he went to India.

When he did it was as an artist commanded to paint the Durbar picture at the proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress in 1876.

His first picture was hung at the Academy in 1882, and he has exhibited every year since. His rise in popularity was unusually rapid. He was made A.R.A. in 1879, and R.A. in 1897.

### Characteristic Anecdotes.

There were few better story-tellers than Mr. Prinsep, whose tales were usually auto-biographical.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Prinsep," said a certain sculptor many years ago. "I have heard you much talked about in Paris."

Prinsep's pleasure was somewhat dashed by the next sentence. "Don't you remember bending a poker round your neck at the Atelier Gleyre?"

On one occasion he and Rossetti were walking in Seven Dials discussing boxing. He noticed a man hanging round and listening. He asked him in joke if he would like to fight.

"No," said the man, "you're too big for me; but I'll take on the little 'un," pointing to Rossetti, "and I dare say you can be accommodated round the corner." Rossetti fled.

Two Indian Mutiny veterans—General T. R. Snow, aged eighty-three, and Colonel Eugene Impey, aged seventy-four—died on Saturday.

General Snow died at Southampton, and Colonel Impey at Oxford. Both of the deceased had been decorated for their Indian services.

### PENNY BANK RECKLESSNESS.

How Mr. Maw Lost the Savings of His Humble Depositors.

The poor depositors of the Needham Market Penny Bank, which has suspended payment, unhappily get little consolation for their losses by the Official Receiver's statement of the affairs of Mr. Maw, the proprietor.

The unsecured creditors are classified as follows: About 180 depositors in the Penny Savings Bank—£25,500—in sums ranging from a few pence to several hundreds of pounds; five cash creditors for money lent without security, £2,100; the debtor's children, about £1,700; and fifty-five ordinary trade creditors, about £450.

The Official Receiver states that since the death of his father, in 1891, the Penny Bank has been entirely in Mr. S. A. Maw's hands. No deeds or prospectus had ever been prepared defining the constitution of the bank.

In addition to other investments there were also a few local investments, and the Receiver said most, if not all, appeared to be of a very speculative nature, and very few were quoted on the Stock Exchange.

For some years debtor received a salary of £600 per annum as bank manager. His personal expenditure, he estimated at £1,000 and £1,100 per annum, and asserts that it was not until the bank failed that he estimated his services were no longer required that he realised he had not sufficient property to pay all his debts in full.

The Moorish Pretender has routed the tribes faithful to the Maghzen, killing a great number.



## WELSH WESLEY.

Collier Apostle's Power  
Over Miners.

## SCENES OF FERVOUR.

Such scenes of religious fervour as those now being witnessed at the revivalist meetings which the young ex-miner Evan Roberts is holding in Wales are probably without parallel in modern times.

At his last gathering at Loughor, recently the scene of the disaster to an express train, his congregation was so carried away by his preaching that the meeting, which commenced at seven o'clock in the evening, did not end till half-past four the next morning.

Throughout that period a succession of dramatic confessions of penitence came from men and women who had come under the spell of the preacher's personality. Mr. Roberts himself walked up and down the aisle with a Bible in his hand, turning first to one and then another who implored spiritual comfort.

While a hymn, which a young woman had suddenly risen in her place and given out, was being sung, several people dropped down in their seats and commenced crying for pardon.

Then, from the gallery came an impassioned prayer from a woman crying aloud that she had repented of her ways, and was determined to live a better life henceforward.

Many of the congregations showed touching concern for wayward members of their families. One woman was heartbroken for her husband, who was given to drink. She implored the prayers of the congregation on his behalf.

Another woman publicly confessed she had come to the meeting in a spirit of idle curiosity, but that the influence of the Holy Ghost worked within her, causing her to go down on her knees in penitence.

As the hours wore and the congregation showed no inclination to disperse, a woman who was praying in the gallery fainted. But she refused the water which was offered her, saying all she desired was the Divine forgiveness.

When eventually the meeting ended, the majority of those who had been present lingered outside discussing the amazing incidents.

## TEARS IN COURT.

"Ranker" Captain's Erring Wife  
Creates a Scene.

In granting a decree nisi to Lieutenant Blades, of the Army Ordnance Department, Sir Francis Jeune on Saturday paid some compliments to that officer.

The lieutenant had been forced into the course he had taken, said the president, and regrettable attacks had been made upon him.

"He is a very gallant fellow," the president added, "and he has nothing to blame himself for except, perhaps, the initiation of his marriage—starting an acquaintance in the street."

Mrs. Blades was very much upset during the proceedings. She made loud remarks at the back of the court when her brother-in-law described how she had attacked him a day or so ago in the corridor. In reproving her the president said that she appeared to be under the influence of drink.

When her son was about to give evidence she burst into tears, and had to be removed from the court. It was suggested that it was unnecessary to have the boy's evidence.

Mrs. Blades sobbed bitterly, and made another scene in the corridor, after the president had announced his decision.

## DOMESTICATED LADY BARRISTER.

Miss Bertha Cave, the lady law student who conducted her own case in the City of London Court, says "she was not a bit nervous" in court.

"You see," she said, "I have done a lot of public speaking, and I don't know what fright is. I am very fond of law, and I quite enjoyed my experience before Judge Lushington Smith. But it makes me awfully sad to think they won't allow me to become a law student."

Miss Cave, it is interesting to note, is as clever at housekeeping as at studying law.

## ECZEMA

AND SKIN DISEASES.

Middleton's Good Samaritan Ointment

Is a safe and positive cure. Thousands of cases regarded as hopeless by doctors have been completely cured. The following taken from 2000 Testimonials: Mrs. E. LANE, 5, Grove Rd., Wallasey, Cheshire, writes:—

"I suffered severely of Pitts and Ointment, which I have given a fair trial, also a sufferer of mine, who will be writing for some. It is wonderful what it has done. It has healed a wound in each of our ankles. I have been a sufferer for 10 years. I enclose P.O. for 2/6, for one month's supply. Hoping you can be long spared to supply this wonderful ointment."

Sold at BOOTHS, CASH CLEMENTS, all Branches. 14.1d.

Send post stamp for FREE SAMPLE to—  
GOOD SAMARITAN DRUG CO., Dept 10,  
Ravenscourt Avenue, Hammersmith, London, W.

## SECRET REVEALED IN SLEEP.

Man Unconsciously Discloses a  
Sensational Story.

It transpires—that the confession in which a prisoner in Armagh Gaol, named Pearson, has accused his wife of murdering his mother was made under somewhat remarkable circumstances.

The confession, it appears, was not in the first case voluntary. Pearson, who was awaiting trial on a charge of assault, is in the habit of talking in his sleep, and the warden one night heard some mysterious mutterings which caused him to listen.

As the result of what he heard the warden came to the conclusion that foul play had occurred in connection with the death of the elder Mrs. Pearson. It is understood that it was only when taxed with this that Pearson made the statement implicating his wife.

The analysis of the contents of the exhumed woman's body is not yet complete, but the presence of mercury and strychnine has been disclosed.

Two other persons, besides Mrs. Pearson, are alleged to be implicated. The latter went to America in August, but it was said that her whereabouts are known, and that she will be brought back to this country.

## "MY STORY."

Mr. Adolf Beck To Write a Novel on  
His Prison Experiences.

Mr. Adolf Beck yesterday announced in the "Weekly Dispatch" that he is going to write a novel round the strange experiences he had and the amazing human stories he heard in Portland Prison.

There, he says, he became acquainted "with an extraordinary life history which impressed me, even at the time when I was bowed to the earth by my own sorrows, with a profound and lasting sympathy. My own case was sad and startling; here was another under the same roof even more sad and startling still."

"The time has gone by now when to convince anyone of the truth of the narrative would aid the chief actor in it, but in thinking of the project which is now dearest to my heart—the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal—I have seen how powerful a weapon chance has placed in my hand. How many reforms have been helped by real argument dressed in the garb of fiction?"

"And if from past injustice I can pluck future safety for every one who stands in the same danger as did I and my fellow-prisoner, I shall not have suffered in vain."

## IMPECUNIOUS SHERIFFS.

Excuses of Poverty for Declining  
County Honours.

The annual ceremony of nominating the sheriffs took place on Saturday at the Law Courts.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, clad in an imposing black robe, heavily embroidered with gold, presided over the proceedings. On his right sat the Lord Chief Justice, and with him also were five circuit Judges.

Several of the nominees, whose names were read out by the King's Remembrancer, put forward the customary excuse of "insufficient means," or "very inadequate incomes," but the application was successful in only one case.

Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart., was the successful applicant, who was excused on the ground that he was 73 years of age, and was in indifferent health.

To the other applications the answer of the Chancellor was, "Let the man stand."

Major Coates, M.P. for Lewisham, wanted to be a sheriff for Surrey, but was informed that that would be "breach of privilege" of the House of Commons.

## ADMIRAL'S ECCENTRIC FRIEND.

For attempting to defraud the Army and Navy Stores, by declaring that she had the authority of Admiral Sir John Hext, who lives at Newton Abbot, to draw on his account, Anna Constance Fenn has been committed for trial, Mr. Shell notifying the fact that she was certified of unsound mind.

The Admiral gave evidence at Westminster Police Court on Saturday. The prisoner, he said, was an old friend of his, but he had never given her authority to pledge his credit.

## DECEIVED BY FINE CLOTHES.

Impressed by the fact that Margaret Hindes, whom he met for the first time outside an hotel at Bridgend, was wearing a motoring cap and an elegant costume, Richard Williams, a wheelwright, accepted a drink of whisky from a flask which she offered him. He remembered nothing more until he woke to find his gold ring and money missing.

At the police court on Saturday the woman was sentenced to four months' hard labour for stealing the ring, and a man named John Prince to three months for receiving it.

## ROW IN A CHURCH.

Disgraceful Scenes in a Midlothian  
Pulpit.

For two and a half hours yesterday disgraceful scenes were witnessed in an Evangelical Union church in the town of Dalkeith, Midlothian.

For some time past the pastor of the church—the Rev. Mr. Brown—and his office-bearers have been at daggers drawn. The trouble is alleged to have arisen from the fact that Mr. Brown was an interest in a shop occupied as an ice cream saloon.

Recently the position became acute, and Mr. Brown was requested to resign by one section of his congregation, though supported by another.

Early yesterday morning the church was occupied by the two factions, and at the hour of service a young man of about twenty-five, named Scott, took possession of the pulpit. When Mr. Brown arrived Scott was wearing an unconventional blue suit and a green tie. He commenced with a prayer, and although Mr. Brown remained silent, his supporters made frequent interruptions.

Immediately the prayer was finished Mr. Brown gave out "Onward, Christian Soldiers," which his faction took up with great emphasis, yelling the words without ceasing for some time.

Two Sermons at Once.

Finally, at the uplifting of the pastor's hand, the singing ceased, and simultaneously the two preachers began to address the congregation together, amid a scene of the wildest excitement, increased by the fact that three men now slipped into the pulpit.

Instantly there was an angry cry from the official section that there were "three fighting men in the pulpit," and wild appeals to "put them out" were heard.

Mr. Brown now delivered an extraordinary sermon, interrupted by shuffling of feet, laughing, and interjections.

To one lady in the congregation the preacher shouted, dramatically, "Madam, there will be no laughing in hell."

It looked during the dispersal of the congregation as if trouble would take place, but the people, once in the street, made no further scenes.

## ARSENIC MYSTERY.

Perplexing Circumstances of a Girl's  
Death from Poison.

While on her way to Leytonstone Infirmary Rachel Nathan, a general servant, died in the cab. The post-mortem examination revealed suspicious signs of arsenical poisoning.

No satisfactory explanation for the presence of the arsenic in her system was forthcoming at the inquest on Saturday, and the coroner adjourned the inquiry for further investigations to be made.

Mr. Percy Winter, a draper, by whom the girl had been employed, stated that on October 23 she complained of her throat, and was given medicine by Dr. Smyth. On November 4 she had a fainting fit, and three days later was sent to the infirmary. She had not, as far as he knew, taken any medicine except that supplied by the doctor.

Dr. Smyth stated that there was no arsenic in the medicine he prescribed.

In the opinion of Dr. Vaile, who made the post-mortem, the girl must have taken a large dose at some time. The inquiry was then adjourned.

## IS GRIMSBY A "PAGAN CITY"?

Vicar and Borough Member at Logger-  
heads Over the Question.

Mayor's Sunday at Grimsby was rendered remarkable by a sensational utterance in the parish church by the vicar, the Rev. F. Bullock.

In the presence of representatives of various public bodies, Mr. Bullock strongly criticised the corporation for forbidding him to minister to patients in the hospital.

He had been told, he said, it would not be right to do so, and he believed them, because he had found an element of paganism in the life of Grimsby.

Subsequently the borough member, Sir George Doughty, publicly and indignantly protested against Grimsby being described as pagan.

## THE "CAT" FOR A RUFFIAN.

Twenty-five lashes with the "cat," and four months' hard labour were ordered a Burnley man, named Martin at Manchester Assizes, for using his beggled feet on a weaver, named Henry Southworth.

For robbing Southworth, Martin's sister received three years' penal servitude, and James Greenwood six months' imprisonment.

The late Mr. Whitney's 1903 Derby candidate Acelud died on Saturday night at Sheephead Bay.

General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," is dying at Brookville, Indiana, from the results of an operation, 52½ Laffan.

## LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

Ingenuous Witness Tells a Strange  
Story.

## TOO TRUSTFUL HUSBAND.

A gleam of sunshine strayed into the Divorce Court on Saturday in the shape of a winning-mannered lady named Miss Muriel Jardine.

Miss Jardine is a clergyman's daughter, pretty, self-possessed, merry, and naive, with a charming touch of the sportswoman about her. She was dressed in a long grey cloak that suggested a Newmarket spring meeting.

It seemed a pity that she should be required to associate, as a witness, with such a painful story as that supplied by the divorce suit brought by Dr. Tom Belleny Brooke, recently in practice at Cambridge, against his wife, whom he met when she was a nurse at the Metropolitan Asylums Board Hospital, Rotherhithe.

It was to tell what she knew about Mrs. Brooke's acquaintance with a man named Atkins—a married man separated from his wife—that Miss Jardine was asked to go into the witness-box.

When she separated from her husband Mrs. Brooke went to live in a little cottage at Naunton Beauchamp, in Worcestershire. Here Miss Jardine came to stay some little time with her.

Mr. Atkins was often at the cottage, chiefly in the evenings, and he used to kiss Mrs. Brooke, so Miss Jardine said.

## Naïve Replies.

"Have you seen Mr. Atkins put his arm round Mrs. Brooke's waist?" counsel asked.

"You have to do that when you kiss people, you know," replied Miss Jardine, innocently.

One evening, when Mr. Atkins was paying a visit, Miss Jardine occupied herself with a book, so as not to intrude.

Mr. Robinson: What did you read? A novel?

Miss Jardine: A racing story.

Mr. Robinson (severely): Are you fond of racing books?

Miss Jardine (enthusiastically): Rather!

When counsel pointed out that it was strange two people, with a husband and wife of their own, to kiss one another, Miss Jardine agreed that it was "very funny."

Ultimately, when her people heard about it, made her come away from the cottage, and that "fun" was going on.

A little lecture on the trustful nature of the witness was given by Dr. Lloyd Jones, another medical man.

"Husbands are the last to suspect," he said, "he described his own impressions about Mr. Brooke with regard to interference. 'I have known several cases where a husband has been equally suspicious, and the wife has been found intoxicated, even when the husband thought her to be a teetotaler,' he added.

After Mr. Robinson, in opening his case, had said that Mrs. Brooke asserts that she is innocent, the case was adjourned.

## FORGIVEN BY HER LOVER.

Law Takes a Lenient View of a  
Young Woman's Crime.

Forgiven by her lover for the blow which caused his death, Alice Nice had to take her trial at the Essex Assizes, on Saturday, for manslaughter. At Prittlewell, on October 1, Nice and William Oliver, her lover, had been drinking together, and afterwards, at the young woman's home, the two quarrelled. Defending herself from a blow which Oliver attempted to strike, Nice wounded him in the neck with a knife.

When the woman saw that her lover was injured she exclaimed: "I did not do it intentionally." Oliver kissed her and said: "I forgive you, mate."

Subsequently he died from the effects of the injury. The jury found Nice guilty, but recommended her to mercy, and the Judge, taking into consideration the fact that Oliver had aggravated her, imposed a sentence of six months' imprisonment.

## ENGLAND'S OLDEST ALDERMAN DIES.

Alderman John William Ryder, the oldest Alderman in England, died yesterday at Devonport in his ninety-sixth year.

He had been a member of the borough council since the town was incorporated in 1836.

His tenure of office was unique from the fact that he was mayor no fewer than seven times, and he held the mayoral office when the late Queen came to the throne, and also when she celebrated her first jubilee.

## WELSH POACHING AFFRAY.

At Pontypool on Saturday, Basil Tyler, a young farm labourer from Gloucestershire, and Luther vior, a tramping saddle-work, were charged with having attempted to murder Charles Cornish, a gamekeeper in the employ of Captain Cooke, of Goyt House, near Pontypool.

The gamekeeper came across the men unawares in the preserves, and Tyler is alleged to have shot him down at sight.

Both men were committed for trial.



**MR. DAN LENO'S SUCCESSOR.**

Call at 45, New Bond Street, London, W., or  
2, Carmelite Street, and see one.

Half only of the allowance of Christmas pudding will be served on Christmas Day, and the remainder on New Year's Day.

The matter will be fully considered at the next meeting.

to be selling more than 100,000 shares are now in South Africa. For the £1,000,000 of Chartered shares offered applications seem to have reached 25,500,000, or thereabouts, judging from the official circular. Perhaps it was this which made the Rhodesian share market go good to-day, with the exception of Anglo-South African Explorations. Everybody is "tipping" Bank shares, which touched 8, and that means that the insiders intend to get out at enormous profits to themselves. Even the ordinary Kafir lot were kept good, and the market generally bought and sold briskly. But West Africans are steadily improving their position in crushing prospects.



## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business  
 Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:  
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## Daily Mirror

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1904.

## A VILLAGE TRAGEDY.

OF all pitiful stories of bank failures that of the suspension of payment by the penny bank in a little Suffolk village is the saddest we have ever read. The very title "penny bank" conveys a notion of the character of the losses.

All the depositors were poor people, mostly hard-working peasants and small shopkeepers. They had put by their little savings—so small the sums were in many cases that it is difficult to grasp what grief and misery their loss entails—with the intention of getting married, or setting up for themselves, or passing their old age at rest and in what to them would be comfort. Now, in an hour, they find their hopes dashed to the ground. They are as poor as when they began to save.

Christmas is coming, and a sad Christmas it will be for this little Suffolk village. Even the children will feel the difference. There will be no presents, no festival fare for the little ones of Needham Market this Yuletide. As for the stories of distress which come from older lips, they wring the heart. Sweethearts have to resign themselves to wait a long time yet before they can once more get painfully together enough to provide them with homes. Old people who looked forward to spending their last years secure against Hunger and the workhouse are dazed by the knowledge that all their pinching and scraping have been in vain.

Of course, in a sense, it is their own fault. They trusted blindly to the good faith and business ability of one man. That one man has failed them. "A common story," say you? That is poor consolation. Surely the better way would be to ask ourselves how we can help these sad victims of misplaced confidence.

Whenever a famine or an upheaval of some tremendous force of nature occurs in a distant part of the world the British nation is the first to send the sufferers aid. Mansion House Funds are started. Appeals are made far and wide. Cannot we for once turn the stream of public charity into a channel nearer home?

## BEASTS AND MEN.

"If he is discovered at anything he is forbidden to do he assumes hypocritically an innocent demeanour, which is distinctly human in its art." A sentence from the description of Consul the Second, the new man-monkey of Berlin. Not very flattering to the human race, is it? Hypocrisy, the writer would say, is foreign to the untrained monkey nature. When a monkey learns to be a hypocrite he is a good way on the road towards being a man.

Here is another side-light on the characters of men and of the world which is supposed to be lower than Man:—

At the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, are now to be seen several titanous birds, which, from their unsuspicious nature, are known as the silliest birds in creation.

Silly because unsuspicious! Is suspicion, then, a characteristic of the wise? If it be, what a reflection upon human nature! Truly animals are the more moral part of creation. In them is no guile, unless, perchance, they have mixed much with us.

Children begin life with the same beautiful openness of character, the same absence of hypocrisy, the same frank, unsuspecting nature as animals. They lose it all too soon, and become as we are, double-faced, full of guile, and therefore naturally supposing everyone else to be "even such an one as ourselves."

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

No man can love and be wise at the same time.  
*Cicero.*

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

SIR JOHN DICKSON-POYNDR and his wife, the Duke of Connaught's week-end hosts, have had the honour of entertaining the King at their beautiful Wiltshire home, Hartham Hall. Sir John is one of the fortunate few who own ground in London, and that ground has made him a very wealthy man. But in spite of his £50,000 or so a year, in spite of Hartham Hall and his wife and child, Sir John went out to the war, and risked everything for his country. He also forsakes his pleasant home very often for his political work.

Lady Dickson-Poynder is a Dundas, and a granddaughter of the great Lord Napier of Magdala.

She is very popular in society, and no doubt this is partly due to her unflinching good nature and charity. She has never been known to say anything unkind about anybody, and where "smart" people are concerned it is not always easy to resist doing that. Nor is she less charitable (in another sense of the word) out of society. She spends large sums in helping the poor in the country near her, and also in town.

There is no possible doubt that Mr. "Jimmy" Welch is just the man to succeed Dan Leno at Covent Garden, so far as his powers as a comedian are concerned; but it is doubtful whether he will be able to make himself felt in such an enormous

house. It needs a powerful physique to hold a Drury Lane audience, and Mr. Welch is far from a physically powerful personage. He tells many stories against himself on the subject of his lack of size.

It was while the C.I.V. were leaving for South Africa that he got one of his nervous knocks at his size. Among a number of "gentlemen in khaki ordered South," he espied a diminutive fellow who had as much swagger as all the rest put together. As he passed them, Mr. Welch remarked to his wife, without any intention of being overheard, "I didn't know they took them under three feet six." The dwarf soldier did hear it, however, and facing round, crushed the actor with, "You know now. Do you want to go?"

Like many another actor, Mr. Welch has found it difficult to keep his head above starvation level. Soon after he decided to leave the counting-house for the stage, he and Mr. Le Gallienne—Mrs. Welch is the poet's sister—came to London and lived together because they found that it was much easier for two to starve than one. But he was soon lucky enough to secure an engagement with Mr. Wilson Barrett in "The Golden Ladder," though it was on the very bottom rung that he made his debut. Since that day, seventeen years ago, he has climbed steadily, rung by rung.

With him to Drury Lane goes "Ping Pong," his pet donkey. He always declares that she is a born actress, for she took to the stage without the least training. She always knows exactly when to come off the stage, and after the first night invariably knows her own "dressing-room." As for stairs, she does not mind them in the least. "Onions," the bulldog, another of Mr. Welch's performing pets, and "Ping Pong," have earned the comedian quite a reputation for animal plays. Not long ago he received a letter which read: "Would like to read you a little comedy of mine; it has a performing bear in it; would just suit you."

Sir Frank Lascelles has just arrived in London from Berlin, where he is so successful as British Ambassador. He is famous in Germany for his diplomatic impenetrability; no one can ever tell his intentions by his face. That is why the Kaiser once complimented him by saying, "You are the most awkward man I have ever tackled"; and a Russian diplomatist greeted him in a similar way by saying, "You do not look as in a similar way followed what I have been saying." "If I had," replied Sir Frank, "I should die of indigestion."

The Kaiser complimented him again when he was on his way to London. Before leaving, Sir Frank lunched with him—it happened to be the birthday of King Edward—and a German band was ordered to play "God Save the King" as the Ambassador drove to the station. When Sir Frank heard the music, he stopped his carriage, and remained respectfully standing. The band had been ordered to play as long as Sir Frank was in sight. Continuing playing, and Sir Frank continued standing until the Kaiser realised what was happening, and ordered the music to stop.

Mr. George Dance is a lucky man. He writes musical comedies which run for ever and ever, and he is the great organiser of lucrative provincial tours. He has just been giving the "Daily Chronicle" his views on niggardly provincial managers, who prevent him from giving his best productions a chance on touring. And if the provinces do not get Mr. Dance's productions they have to fall back, as it seems, upon shoddy and antiquated things which have the one advantage of costing the managers nothing.

Mr. Dance spends most of his time at his office in Shaftesbury-avenue, where he interviews innumerable applicants for the musical stage. Sometimes he finds excellent vocalists in this way, but not often. Once a girl came to sing in the chorus, and was discovered to have so fine a voice that she was given a chief part in one of Mr. Dance's companies. When you do succeed with Mr. Dance he is very generous with you; and he gives the same salary to the chief players, whether they are suddenly promoted or have been long at the work. He believes also in treating everybody with courtesy. You never hear a reproach from him. He behaves as though nobody could do anything but the best, and finds that this makes people try to do it.

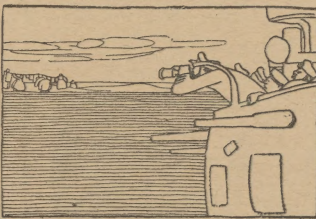
Miss Marion Terry is about to appear in her original part in "Lady Windermere's Fan." That is good news for London playgoers, who have lost sight of her far too frequently of late years. Even better than her famous sister Miss Terry has the gift of rousing emotion. This gift of hers has occasioned one or two ludicrous incidents. When she was playing in "The Two Orphans," a lady in the stalls threw her opera-glasses at the old woman who bullies Miss Terry in the play, and screamed out "Oh, you beast!" And in another play, where it is the actor's duty to speak harshly to his wife, he was given great trouble by her. He was told to "twink his nose?" from a voice in the audience. That shows how irresistible Miss Terry is when injured on the stage.

"The Prodigal Son" published in eight languages at once! O what a Hurry. Caine!"—*Reference.*

## THE BALTIC FLEET THROUGH GERMAN SPECTACLES.



The Tsar and his people bid the fleet farewell.



Ha! What is that? Japanese torpedo-boat! Fire!



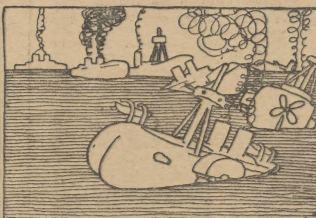
Naval victory off the Danish coast.



Another alarm! The Japanese again!



Naval victory in the North Sea.



Jan. 1, 1907. Arrival at Port Arthur.

[From the famous German comic paper, "Simplicissimus."]

## A WOMAN OF THE HOUR.

"John Oliver Hobbes."

MRS. CRAIGIE—why on earth did she choose such a name as John Oliver Hobbes, when she has such a pretty name of her own, Pearl Craigie?—is the author of the new play, "The Flute of Pan," which was produced on Saturday, and which she discusses in an article on page 10 of the *Daily Mirror* this morning.

We claim her as English. She says she is American. She is right; so are we. She was certainly born in America, in the cultured city of Boston, but she came to England at the age of three, and America could not very well have done her much harm in that time.

The general public has a way of looking upon her as a pretty little woman who writes "smart" plays and equally "smart" novels, but there is a great deal more than is shown to the public gaze.

She is a deep-read, deep-thinking woman, who has seen much of the hard side of life but has managed, owing to her naturally sweet disposition, to remain kind and gentle. Behind everything she writes is a moral—the result of some Scottish blood, most likely.

If she had not written for the stage she probably would have acted herself, for she has shown a marked talent as an actress, just as she has for music. That, perhaps, accounts for much of her success as a playwright. She understands the actor's art as well as her own.

At the present moment, though, the company which has been rehearsing under her direction is not in love with her. She is absolutely tireless, and cannot imagine anyone not wanting to rehearse for twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four.

On Exeter Hall applying for a music licence the County Council demanded the construction of extra emergency exits. It seems an unjustifiable reflection on the performers.—"Globe."

## THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

Above London's Smoke.

THE London day has opened with its usual dullness. The air is damp with a mist which scarcely merits the name of fog, but is hardly less unpleasant. The only thing to do is to get out of it.

You need not go far. Hampstead is high enough to rise above the muggy dampness. As one climbs the steep hills, each tightly packed with small red brick houses of most modern designs, the air is filled with the scent of autumn, the scent of wet leaves rotting, the dank odour of the trees' decay.

But the air clears as one rises; the sun gets brighter, the step lighter; the lungs breathe deeper. Only a few more yards and then one has won the same joy as the mountaineer—one is above the clouds. London lies below, sunk in the sea of its own smoke, lost to sight in the smother.

Up here, above the reek, it is a new world. The birds are twittering gaily—here and there a robin is actually singing. A horse and cart comes along and splashes into the pond for a drink, and, incidentally, to wash from the wheels the mud of the hidden city.

It seems foolhardy to descend again into the twilight of a London day. But one does it. One must live—though it's hard to do it in such an atmosphere.

"LET'S PRETEND."

Mildred, who had a small friend to spend the afternoon with her, found that the care of her little brother interfered sadly with their plans. John showed a tiresome persistence in joining their games. Meeting but little encouragement, he asked, at last, somewhat wistfully, "Milly, can't I play something?" "Yes, John," she replied firmly, "go into the back room and pretend you're dead."—"St. James's Gazette."



## Saturday's Football.

BLACKHEATH v. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.



The 'Varsity were badly beaten by Blackheath, who scored 2 goals 2 tries (16 points) to the Cantabs' 1 dropped goal (4 points). Blackheath's great superiority was forward.

SUNDERLAND v. DERBY COUNTY.



This photograph shows the brilliant Sunderland team who beat Derby County by 3 goals to nil, thus keeping their position at the top of the League list.

ARSENAL v. STOKE



Whitley, the clever Stoke goalkeeper, who, although he played well, was twice beaten on Saturday, the Arsenal gaining a victory by 2 goals to 1.

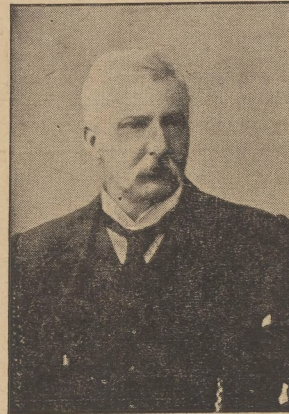
ASTON VILLA v. NOTTS COUNTY.



At Aston the home team beat Notts County by 4 goals to 2. Twenty thousand people were present at this match.



MR. G. L. WATSON DEAD.



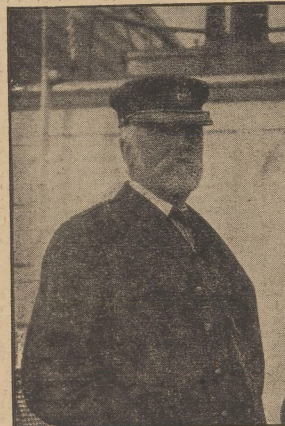
The famous yacht architect, who designed four America Cup challengers for Lord Dunraven and helped to plan Sir Thomas Lipton's three Shamrocks.

MR. LENO'S SUCCESSOR.



Mr. James Welch has been engaged by the management of Drury Lane Theatre to appear in the pantomime.

COMMANDER HUGH YOUNG.



A popular Anchor Line captain, who is retiring after thirty-six years' service. For the past four years he has been in command of the Furnessia.

## NEWS TOLD IN

SIR W. ONSLOW'S HOUSE BURNED



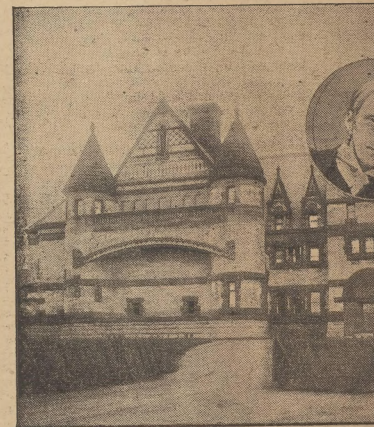
The beautiful home at Hengar, near Bodmin, Cornwall, entirely destroyed. All the family heirlooms were saved, including priceless oil-paintings and a Vandyke.—(Northey.)

TWO TASTEFUL PARIS COST



These photographs, taken at the races last week, give the very latest French fashions. They are worn by typical Parisiennes, who were kind enough to pose for the "Mirror" photographer on his explaining that the intended to show English readers what French frocks

PROF. HERKOMER, R.A., TIRED OF



His art school at New Bushey, Herts, is to be sold at auction, the professor being tired of the nonchalant. This photograph shows the residence of the artist. In the right-hand corner is seen a portrait of the great

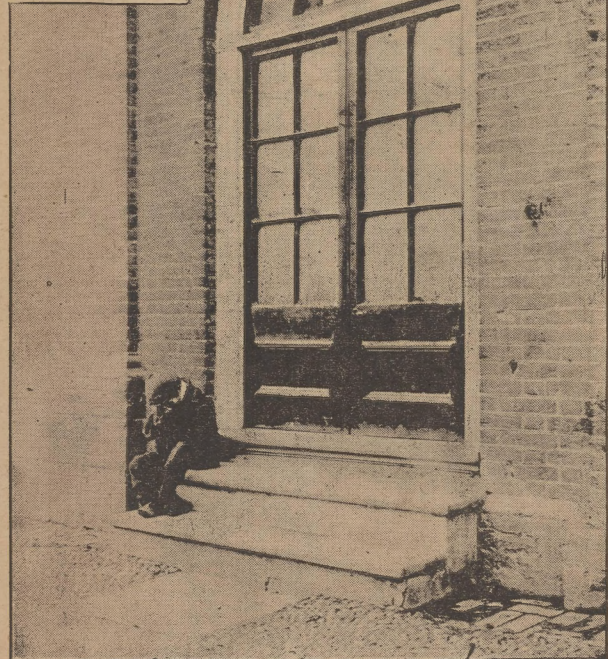
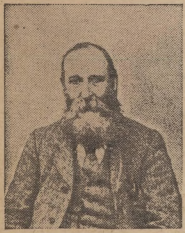


IEWS



OWN.

# PENNY BANK FAILURE AT NEEDHAM.



Almost every boy in the town was a depositor. Our photographer "snapped" the bank just at the moment when a little chap found out that his savings were in peril. In the left-hand corner is a portrait of Mr. Samuel Alexander Maw, J.P., owner of the bank.

## KING'S LYNN'S BIG FIRE.



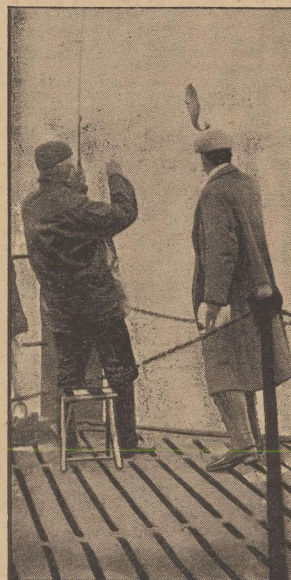
In spite of their splendid efforts the firemen were unable to save the St. James's Hall and Assembly Rooms, which were completely destroyed.

## Wonderful Bohemian Twins.



The Misses Rosa and Josefa Blazek, joined together like the famous Siamese brothers, have come to London to make their fortune on the music-hall stage. They are twenty-six years old, and though united physically, have two distinct individualities and two separate sets of tastes and opinions.

## SEA-ANGLERS' CHAMPIONSHIP.



An exciting fishing competition is going on at Deal. These "snaps," taken on Saturday, show a successful catch, also a famous lady angler, whose name is omitted at her urgent request.



## AUTHORS ON THEIR OWN PLAYS.

### I.—"John Oliver Hobbes" on "The Flute of Pan."

On Saturday the latest work of that very clever writer who still veils her identity under the name of "John Oliver Hobbes" was produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre by Miss Olga Nethersole. Here is the plot, sketched in the fewest possible words:—

#### ACT I.

(Lord Foldershey's studio in Venice.)

The Princess of Siguria asks her Lordship, once a famous soldier, to marry her "for her country's sake," although she really wants him for his own. He has forsown the world in order to live a quiet painter's life, yet for love of her he agrees to take his place on the throne by her side, and lead her troops. But he makes one condition—that after he has put down her enemies they shall retire from the world and come back to the studio.

#### ACT II.

(The Princess's villa at Florence.)

The marriage takes place. Uniforms, dresses from Jay's, organ music, the "Wedding March," and so on. Directly it is over Foldershey leaves for Siguria. News has come that a revolt is in full progress, and he is glad to go because he believes he has discovered that the Princess really loves someone else.

#### ACT III.

(The Palace of Siguria.)

Her enemies having been suppressed, the Princess keeps her promise to retire from the world, and abdicates her throne. More uniforms, more dresses from Jay's, blares of trumpets, reminiscences of the Coronation. Foldershey's suspicions grow stronger than ever. Princess's jealousy also (groundlessly) aroused against him.

#### ACT IV.

Back in Venice. Everything explained on both sides. Really they love one another to distraction. Enter a messenger. "Will they go back to Siguria?" Why, cer'n'rly! Curtain.

## THE WRITER'S OWN VIEW.

### Mrs. Craigie Discusses the Scientific Aspect of Playwriting.

The modern theatre has, happily, lost many of its cramping conventions, and it is therefore possible for authors to enjoy greater elasticity in choosing themes, and in dealing with them, than was ever the case before. One may not try as many experiments in play-writing as in musical composition.

But it must be owned that, in this country, the public which supports the high-class concert halls has a more educated taste than the public which supports the fashionable theatre. An on-considered fully competent to judge of a play. I.e., comparatively, are allowed to offer their opinion as experts, of new music.

This may be because the writing of symphonies and the like is regarded as a science. The composition of theatre-work is a science also—a very difficult, elusive one, and it may well be compared with the orchestration of certain themes and moods and passions for musical instruments.

### "EXISTENCE AS I KNOW IT."

To present life precisely is out of the question. It is not the business of an artist to present the whole of life: he has to offer diagrams as pleasing, or as strong, or as grim, or as fanciful as his own personal temperament may be. If his own temperament is sympathetic to a large number of other persons, his work, no matter how merely suggestive on one hand or crude on the other, is popular.

In "The Flute of Pan," I have offered, to those who see life as I see it, a comedy of feelings and manners. The people are not offered as types, but as individuals.

I do not say that we all talk as the "Princess Margaret" and "Lord Foldershey" talk: I do not know how we "all" talk. I have not two friends or acquaintances who talk alike or who think alike. To me everybody is an individual, that is why I find everybody extremely interesting. My comedy, therefore, is about individuals; and the scenes are scenes condensed from existence as I know it. I do not doubt, therefore, that it will be accepted in that spirit by those who have never yet failed to understand my intention.

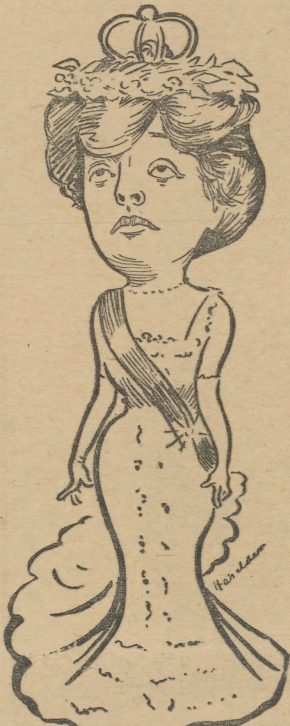
But, although my method in work is careful, the story of the play is a love story, and if there is a moral, my excuse must be that every story in the world must have one whether it will or no.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

## MISS NETHERSOLE IN HYSTERICIS.

Notes on the Acting of the Piece, Which Was Unequal.

"John Oliver Hobbes" has never drawn a more real woman than the Princess Margaret. She is so real that she is positively irritating. Why can't she tell Foldershey she loves him? Why let her



Miss Olga Nethersole as the Princess in "The Flute of Pan."

pride continually get the better of her? These are questions that are forced upon the spectator all through the play.

There would not matter a bit if the Princess were a charming fascinating woman: as the author meant her to be. We should forgive her everything. Her drowsiness would only make her more adorable. Unfortunately, Miss Nethersole played the part on Saturday in anything but a charming manner.

She may have been over-tired, over-anxious. After the third act she took her "call" in a fit of hysterics. She was crying bitterly. When she was "called" yet again (her reception was very favourable almost all through), she merely walked across the stage with shoulders convulsively shaken by sobs and her face buried in her hands. Perhaps she will do better. Perhaps she will manage to make the Princess attractive. When she does, the play will be a different thing.

On Saturday the joy of the performance was Miss Annie Hughes. She was fascinating. She made every man in the audience long to be in the place of the Princess's stepfather, with whom she flirted so outrageously and with such delicious ingenuous humour. All that could be done with this fatuous old gentleman Mr. Somerset did; and every chance that the part of the flint's husband gave was taken full advantage of by Mr. Dawson Milward.

As Lord Foldershey Mr. Waring succeeded in all respects but one. He did not succeed in suggestion any reason why the Princess should want to marry him.

The play takes its title from a picture called "The Flute of Pan," which Lord Foldershey has painted. The music Pan plays is the music lovers hear, as the Princess and her husband hear it in the last act.

### THE SPECIAL PAGE MANIA.

An American paper published at St. Paul, Minnesota, has a page "for girls between ten and fifteen." Why not divide up the whole paper on these lines?—

Page 1.—For men over twenty-five.  
Page 2.—For women under seventy.  
Page 3.—For octogenarians of both sexes.  
Page 4.—For infants in arms (printed on indestructible paper).

And so on.

## CHURCH AND STAGE.

Savoy Theatre Rocks with Laughter at a Clergyman's Absurd Play.

When the Squire of Fordhambridge arrived at the rooms of Stella at the Savoy Hotel to implore that fascinating personage to release the rector from her toils, and said to her in impassioned tone, "Save him, and the gratitude of the parish is yours for ever," Saturday afternoon's audience at the Savoy Theatre laughed long and loud.

It had loyally done its best, so far, to take the Rev. Forbes Phillips's play, "For Church or Stage," seriously; after that it abandoned the attempt. It was particularly amused at the way in which Stella told everybody to go. She was always telling the waiter to go—and he always waited to be told. When Captain York, who had lived with Stella as her husband, arrived to say that he was about to sail for South Africa she told him to go. Finally, when the rector of Fordhambridge offered to sacrifice wife, position, and everything for her, she told him to go also, and thus the curtain descended upon an unsolved problem.

Mrs. Brown-Potter, robed, of course, in beautiful frocks, dreams and draws picturesque through the piece. But of the Rev. Forbes Phillips's play itself there is nothing to be said, except that it is amateurish to the last degree.

Curiously enough, the author's technical knowledge serves him not at all in writing for the stage. Amongst his incidental characters there are a bishop, a curate, a churchwarden, and a churchwarden's wife. They one and all appear as the veriest figures of farce. They reveal no trace of the special knowledge of such types that one would think a clergyman must possess.



Mr. Herbert Waring, who dislikes Court life, but wears a magnificent uniform.

### "THE WITCH'S SONG."

A novelty in Saturday's Symphony Concert at Queen's Hall was the recital by Miss Tita Brand of Wildenbruch's poem "Hexenlied" ("The Witch's Song"), with incidental music by Max Schillings.

The ballad tells a poetic little story. One Medardus, the most pious monk of the monastery of Hersfeld, is dying. To his confessor he unfolds a curious story. Fifty years ago he was called to shiver a witch, who was to be burnt the next day. Her only offence was that she sang a song of uncharitable beauty, said to have been taught her by the Evil One.

The witch, who was young and beautiful, almost persuaded the young priest to set her free and fly with her. He only escaped the temptation by rushing from her cell. Next day she was burnt, and whilst she was dying sang her song, which for ever haunted the monk's brain. He hears it as he is dying, and breathes his last singing joyfully in response.

The incidental music forms a background of great beauty, a musical panorama, as it were, of the events of the poem. We hear the chant of the monks in their chapel. Later on, the curiously beautiful song of the witch is heard in the distance, and finally Medardus's song of love as he lies on his deathbed. The music is never too obtrusive, and so does not hinder the delivery of the poem, which was finely declaimed by Miss Tita Brand.

## PICTURES IN PICCADILLY.

Sargent and Steer Shine Brightly Through November Gloom.

All discerning picture-lovers prefer the discreet, well-chosen shows of the New English Art Club to the riotous Royal Academy, with its endless, irritating rooms upon rooms of pictures. This year the oasis in the desert rewards the visitor even more generously than usual.

To begin with, there is a Sargent, and a very interesting Sargent too. The painter takes a holiday from his Jews and Duchesses, and gives us a brilliant witticism. He shows himself, in a bedroom turned into a studio, working contentedly in the midst of that supreme disorder without which no painter can ever be really happy. It is an entertaining little work.

Mr. Wilson Steer this year has surpassed himself. He sends a "Portrait in Black," original, yet strangely enough, very charming; and two landscapes, "Twilight" and "A Storm," which are the most delightful pictures in the room.

In the first, one looks across some meads, off which the light is fading to a middle distance of trees and grazing cattle and a background of grey hills. Sober and calm, with its beautiful sky of orange and pale, luminous green, this scene reminds one of the Barbizon school at its best. In his "Storm," Mr. Steer is more daring. In this the sky is torn here and there and illuminated by sharp lights, and has at its base the charged and gloomy blackness of thunder. Especially admirable is the play of light from the sky on to the meadows below.

Among the New English "eccentrics" there is Mr. Walter Sickert with a "Mr. Zangwill," looking very decayed and done for, Mr. Pissarro, who paints bright pink and green landscapes, with which nature, thank Heaven, has had nothing to do, and Mr. John, who carries his passion for ugliness to a positively repulsive length. Mr. Orpen has some skilfully amusing work, but Mr. Rochester's "Deserted Quarry" is not impressive. It is a very geological experiment.

Finally, we must congratulate our best art-critic, Mr. MacCall, on his refreshing open-air studies. He gives us a glimpse of his talent: we long for more.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

### "RED LIGHTS MEAN DANGER."

I have read with interest your article about headache powders. Of course, anybody who thinks can read between the lines. Doctors always were and always will be jealous of chemists, as they think they lose fees when people buy simple remedies.

You omit to state though that all doctors prescribe either antifebril, antipyretic, or phenacetin, and will continue to do so until some better remedy is discovered. A CHEMIST.

### LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

The man from Manchester should not forget that to the man in London old traditions mean much, and that Lord Mayor's Day is a day that, in the hurry and stress of business, is an excuse, and a good one, for a little recreation.

It is a change from the constant humdrum of a business man's life, besides being one of the old traditions so dear to the hub of commerce. D. C.

### "A NOXIOUS HABIT."

"Jack Allround's" recipe for procuring "pererec" tobacco is amusing, particularly as it has nothing whatever to do with what is known as "ship's plug."

Pererec tobacco is only grown in Louisiana, U.S., on a plantation of about 800 acres, once belonging to Peter Pererec.

It is only used for mixing with light tobaccos for flavouring, and is generally sold at 16s. to 18s. per pound. J. M. M.

### "SHALL WE LIVE AGAIN?"

Your annotation on the above has suggested to me the following metrical contribution to the subject. I have reason to think that Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace's views, which I have feebly attempted to embody therein, have a much wider acceptance than is generally supposed.

The Christian faith is but a baseless dream—  
We die, and rot, and turn to common dust.  
The fiery wheels that carried life's red stream,  
The maiden's damask'd cheek, her coral bust,  
All—all return to elements, and sigh and shiver,  
To chaos—whirling in the empty air—  
To grains of sand; to radiant shafts of light;  
But never more to sentient souls that were.

Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square. J. B. R.

### IS THERE A "SERVANT DIFFICULTY"?

One hears on all sides of the scarcity of domestic servants. Is this borne out by facts? My own experience is against it.

I have, much against my will, just parted with a housemaid, who had been with me for several years. My friends prophesied that I should have considerable difficulty in replacing her. As a matter of fact, I had over thirty applicants for the position, at least a third of whom were quite eligible, and had good references.

I think the real difficulty is that mistresses are too conservative, and will not realise that wages in this, as in every other class, have increased of late years.

THIRTY YEARS A HOUSEKEEPER.







# DRESSES WORN BY MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE IN THE "FLUTE OF PAN."

## STAGE FROCKS.

### A SPLENDID ARRAY OF MAGNIFICENCE

Several very beautiful dresses distinguish the representation of John Oliver Hobbes's comedy, "The Flute of Pan," at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Indeed, the stage is brilliant with the Court gowns of splendid ladies and the magnificent uniforms of brave men, so that one scene after another presents a glorious display of colour.

In the second act, in which Miss Olga Nethersole as Princess Margaret of Siguria is married to Mr. Herbert Waring as Boris, Earl of Feldershey, Miss Nethersole wears a superb wedding gown. But before she puts it on she is seen in a negligée that is in its way quite as lovely, made of oyster-white satin mousseline trimmed with glorious white lace. The skirt and bodice fit quite loosely; as a matter of fact the bodice is merely a hanging coat with a certain amount of pleating about it to give it symmetry. It is the beauty of the lace and the colour of the white satin that give the robe its great distinction.

### Miss Nethersole as a Bride.

The wedding dress is a mass of white mousseline de soie, with the richest possible silver embroideries upon it, and knots of orange blossoms and their green leaves. The royal bride wears with it a full-length Court train of white mousseline de soie, miniver and silver tissue, and on her head a regal crown surrounded by a cloud of orange blossoms.

In the next act the young Princess abdicates, and this important scene gives her the opportunity of appearing in two lovely toilettes, the first another negligée, the second a superb Court gown. The negligée, which is sketched on this page, is made of rich white lace, posed upon chiffon and silk, and has an enormously long train, over which appears a shawl-cloth of orchid mauve, *cripe de Chine*, laced at the sides with silk cords and trimmed with a bordering of pink mousseline roses and green leaves. Furthermore, there is an edging composed of ermine tails, which bestow upon this delicious costume a final touch of beauty.

The gown she wears for the act of renunciation is an exquisitely fitted *Princesse robe* made of rich gold brocade, trimmed in front with heavy gold bullion passementerie. Once more there is a royal mantle worn with a miniver cape, and edgings of the same regal fur.

### A Rose-Pink Velvet Frock.

Miss Annie Hughes, as the Countess Bertha Rikensart, Princess Margaret's cousin, has some very pretty dresses. One that is noticeably so is made of blue and white diagonally-striped silk, set very full into the waist, and completed by a closely-fitting corseage and a *fetula* of blue mousseline over the shoulders. It is illustrated on this page. With it is worn a blue hat with a fluted edge, rimmed with tiny pink banksia roses.

Another noticeably splendid dress worn by the same lady is made of rose-pink velvet, with a very full skirt, decorated with broad silver lace, and a closely-fitting bodice, trimmed about the décolletage with more silver lace and antique point de gaze.



Two of the beautiful costumes worn at the Shaftesbury Theatre, the left hand by Miss Nethersole and the right by Miss Annie Hughes.

—See "Stage Frocks."

## SHAWLS AND FASCINATORS.

The fact that Messrs. Swan and Edgar are now selling a very vast stock of wool and silk and chenille shawls and fascinators is worth a special note, for these wraps have become most modish again, and the firm named is now prepared to part with most beautiful specimens at remarkably low prices.

Our grandmothers sometimes called their fasci-

nators clouds because of their lightness, and the pretty head shawls gained their title, fascinators, because of their beauty-giving properties to those who wore them.

The fascinators sold by Messrs. Swan and Edgar cost only 1s. 4d. each, or three may be bought for 3s., so they make capital Christmas presents. They may be bought in all colours and with plain or ball-fringed edges. As for the wool and silk shawls, they are excessively pretty, and though they are worth 3s. 6d. are only priced for the sale at 1s. 6d. each.

## THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

(Continued from page 11.)

instant at the big man who rested so motionless, with his head resting on his chest.

He was thinking of the morning when Lady Gascoyne had thrown a bombshell into his life, recalling her sympathetic manner, the tactful way in which she had doled out the news to him.

"I wished to spare you pain, humiliation, Mr. Mordaunt," she had said. "Gertrude is not to blame. She doesn't know even now that you love her. It would grieve her if she did. Her whole life is bound up in Dick Deverill."

Mordaunt remembered how, after a moment of astonishment, he had vehemently denied that such a thing could be possible. Lady Gascoyne had marshalled incident after incident before his eyes, until she had massed such a battalion of proofs that he could hardly doubt. He had not known that most of these incidents had been ingeniously invented by the imaginative Lady Gascoyne, had not realised that she had spent hours in piecing them together into a perfect and convincing story.

"Of course," she had concluded by saying, "I cannot deny, Mr. Mordaunt, that from a worldly point of view Mr. Deverill is more eligible than you are. Though he has given up his career, though he is perhaps a little older, he is eager, ambitious. He will fall into something in this country. He will achieve success."

"What you mean is," had been Hughie Mordaunt's answer, "that he is a great deal cleverer than I am."

Lady Gascoyne had not argued against the conclusion placed on her words by this gentle, soft-hearted man. His opinion of himself, especially when it was expressed in any connection with his adored Gertrude, was very humble indeed. This giant hid away in his great frame a natural timidity which had already cost him much in life, and was like to cost him more. Unfortunately for him, trusting Lady Gascoyne, he had allowed himself to be

persuaded not to speak directly to Gertrude. Grateful to her for having undertaken the unpleasant duty of cutting away his illusions, wishing above all else to do that which would make most for the happiness and peace of mind of Gertrude Gascoyne, he had kept silence.

But silence was not all that Lady Gascoyne had wished. Three times in the beautiful summer evenings had the unsuspecting Hughie Mordaunt stumbled upon her ladyship and Dick Deverill in the most out-of-the-way places. With his heart full of Gertrude, with an utter absence of suspicion about anybody or anything, Hugh Mordaunt had thought nothing of what he had seen, forgotten it within the hour. But Lady Gascoyne did not know that. The utter simplicity and guileless honour of this man were beyond her comprehension. The time had come, she thought, when it was necessary to make some kind of an explanation. Her explanation succeeded beyond her wildest hopes. It not only explained—it drove Hugh Mordaunt from the place.

He had not gone, however, until after her ladyship had enforced her words by arranging an artistic little tableau. Dick Deverill had had no idea, when her ladyship one night suggested to him to have a consultation with Gertrude about "Gertrude's latest fad"—the improvement of cottages in the neighbourhood—that anything lay hidden in the suggestion. There was much meaning, however, in his moonlight walk up and down the avenue with Gertrude, when Lady Gascoyne, from the open French window of the billiard-room, was explaining its significance to Hugh Mordaunt.

The man had sat there at once awaiting execution, watching through Lady Gascoyne's eyes this pair of lovers drinking in moonlight and romance.

Hugh Mordaunt had left for London the next morning without a word. He had never been at his home since, nor had he answered Gertrude's friendly letters. That was because he had "gone to pieces." His fall had not been intentional, premeditated. He had simply drifted, and had got each day deeper into the troubled waters of a wretched self-indulgence.

nators clouds because of their lightness, and the pretty head shawls gained their title, fascinators, because of their beauty-giving properties to those who wore them.

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Lady Gascoyne had not only thus freed herself from the surveillance of the one pair of eyes which had seen anything at all, she had also achieved a neat little victory over Gertrude. She was not sure that her sister-in-law loved Hughie Mordaunt, but she suspected it. As she thoroughly disliked Gertrude, she secretly exulted in having injured her in this way.

As one of her victims to this petty little intrigue sat there this bright morning in the park he was quite unconscious that he was the subject of discussion, for a careless moment, on the part of the liping lady who had given him the first push on his downward way.

Lady Gascoyne, sitting under a tree with Richard Deverill some fifty yards away had seen him, had drawn the attention of her companion to him.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Deverill. "He seemed a decent chap once, but he's lost his hold on life, somehow."

"After the exhibition he made of himself at my table," lisped the lady, "he doesn't interest me. He is one of the blots on that horrid night—that night of the fire."

"Steady on. Remember, Rose, that night is barred. I fancied he was fond of Gertrude."

Her ladyship shrugged her shoulders. "Let us move the chairs," she said, rising; "he may look this way."

And they went round to the other side of the tree.

"You must not go away," she cried passionately, resuming the subject which had been interrupted by the sight of Hugh Mordaunt.

"I have no choice," he answered as he produced a letter from his pocket. "I owe money—a considerable sum. The death of that money-lender, Elton, upsets my plans. The solicitors to his executors demand immediate payment. Read it, if you like."

"Five thousand pounds!" she cried aghast. "Yes—five thousand sentences to banishment." "And I—I—shall be left alone. No, no."

(To be continued.)

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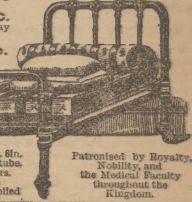
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